THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

" To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
" To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

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For the Lady's Miscellany.

THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

A Swiftean Effusion.

Under that title a very popular publication has lately appeared in England, in which Mr. Testy and a Mr. Sensitive, the principal characters, in several meetings, compare their notes of observation on the various " Miseries of Human Life." These miseries, contrasted with the more weighty woes that wretches feel, may be considered as light and imaginary. The following extracts, while the serve to amuse our readers, will afford a tolerable idea of the merits of the work.

GETTING up early in a gloomy, cold morning (quite enough already, you'll say; but that's not half of it)—getting up early in a cold, gloomy morning, I say, and on running down into the breakfast-room for warmth and comfort, finding chairs, tables, shovel, poker, tongs, and fender, huddled into the middle of the room—dust flying in all directions—carpet tossed backwards—floor newly washed—windows wide open—bees-wax, brush and rubber in one corner—brooms, mops, and pails in another—and a dingy drab on her knees, before an empty grate.

In lathering your face, before shaving, very early in the morning, while still half asleep—gaping so suddenly, as to slap the full brush into your mouth—so much for the benefit of early rising.

Having to pass the maid as she is scowering the stairs; to which I intended to add—seeing, hearing, or guessing any thing at all of the matter, when washing and drying are going on in the house; or, what is worse still, having to duck and flap your way through lines, or rather lanes, of clammy clothes, just hung out to dry.

Grinding coals or cinders into the carpet, in turning upon your heel; then, after stooping in a frenzy to pick up the filthy fragments, and at last walking away satisfied that you have done so, crushing fresh parcels of them in other parts; and so on for an hour.

Attempting to light a candle, with its short wick so effectually crushed down, and buried into the body of the tallow, that it cannot be set up; while, in stooping it to the flame of another candle, you only keep melting the grease in a stream over the table and carpet: when you have, at length, caught a precarious glimmer, it is extinguished as soon as you have crept to the door, or what is worse, to the stairs, " *nescius auræ fallacis!*" this, three or four times over. At last, to be sure, the wick attains its proper length; but fair and softly!—this advantage is purchased at the exorbitant price of seeing the well of tallow overflow its sides, and pour down a *bumper* into the socket.

While you are confined to your bed by sickness—the humours of a *hired nurse*; who, among other attractions, likes " a drop of comfort!" leaves your door wide open—stamps about the chamber like a horse in a boat—stops you, as you lie, with scalding possets—*attacks* the fire, instead of courting it—falls into a dead sleep the moment before you want her, and then snores you down when you call to her—wakes you at the wrong hour, to take your physic, and then gives you a dose of acqua-fortis for a *composing* draught.

Having one of your double teeth drawn—by *instalments*.

In reading a new and interesting book, being reduced to make a paper knife of your finger.

A coach window glass, that will not be put up when it is down; nor down when it is up.

Treading on a beau-trap: or, as you walk forth, freshly and sprucely dressed, receiving *in full*, at a sharp turning, the filthy flirtings of a well-twirled mop.

Labouring in vain to disentangle your medicine-scales; till, after fretting, twisting, and twirling, for half the morning, to no purpose, you are at last obliged to weigh your dose, *Tartar*, *Emetic*, or *Jame's Powders*, as you can, with all the strings in a Gordian knot—one scale topsy-turvy, and the other turvy-topsy.—And this, when

" If thou tak'st more or less, be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple—nay, if the scale turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest!"

When in the gout—receiving the ruinous salutation of a muscular friend, (a sea captain) who, seizing your hand in the first transports of a sudden meeting, affectionately crumbles your chalky knuckles with the gripes of a grappling-iron; and then, further confirms his regard for you, by greeting your tenderest toe with the stamp of a charger.

Hearing that your lottery-ticket is drawn a blank, just as you have snugly tiled in your castles in the air.

After having been promised what you expect will be the *painted* portrait of a friend—receiving, instead of it, nothing more substantial than a *black shade, en profile:* on its entrance, I involuntarily exclaimed:

Testy.—Yes, yes—I have gone thro' it more than once: though perhaps I don't take it quite so patiently as you may: for my part, whenever they send *me* their *silhouettes*, or what do they call them, I chuck them out of the window as soon as they come into the room—

"Come like *shadows?* so depart!"

is *my* address to the little blackamoors.

Eagerly breaking open a letter, which, from the superscription, you conclude to be from a dear and long-absent friend; and then, finding it to contain nothing but a tradesman's long bill, which, moreover, you thought had been long ago discharged—but of which immediate payment is demanded in a very violent letter, inclosing the account:—cash extremely low.

Being called in as an umpire in a matrimonial quarrel—which leaves you the choice of splitting on one of the six following rocks, viz.

1. That of remaining silent—for which both parties hate you; each supposing that you secretly favour the other.

2. That of pronouncing that both are in the wrong—for which you are, obviously, hated by both.

3. That of insinuating that both may be in the right—hated again, on both sides; each being more enraged at your *contre*, than grateful for your *pour*.

4. That of defending the lady at the expence of the gentleman—still hated by both; by her for attacking her *caro sposo*, whom she will suffer no one to despise but herself; by him, for siding with the enemy.

5. That of defending the gentleman at the expence of the lady—this case is inversely, the same as the last.

6. That of endeavouring to make peace by treating the matter *en badinage*—for which both are far too much in earnest as well as far too eager for victory, not to hate you most of all. The best course, perhaps, if you cannot steal away, is to be taken with a sudden and violent fit of the tooth-ach, which may last *ad libitum*.

WALKING.

In your evening walk—being closely followed, for half an hour, by a large bull dog, (without his master) who keeps up a stifled growl, with his muzzle nuzzling about your calf, as if choosing out the fleshiest bite:—no bludgeon.

Losing your way, on foot, at night, in a storm of wind and rain; and this immediately after leaving a merry fire side.

GAMES, &c.

At cricket—after long and hard service of watching out, bowled out at the first ball. Likewise, cricket on very sloppy ground, so that your hard ball becomes muddy, sappy, and rotten: a jarring bat:—a right hand bat for a left handed player:—a hat, *vice* stumps.

The stockings perpetually coming down as you run, and bagging below the shoe, so as to be trampled in the dirt, (all, by and by, to be snugly buttoned to your flesh) and throw you down:—no garters, except twine, which you are at last obliged to use, though it cuts to the bone.

Being obliged to take a severe licking from a boy twice as big, but not so brave, as yourself; then flogged for fighting, because you at first aimed one blow, which however did not reach the long-armed rascal.

Missing your cue at every stroke, *totum nec pertulit ictum*, and this when you are particularly ambitious of shewing your play.

A pack of cards, which stick so abominably in dealing, that you unavoidably throw out three or four at once, and so lose your time, your patience, and—the deal.

After having nearly completed a drawing of a head on which you have been working very labouriously—leaving the room for a moment, and finding, on your return, that a sudden puff of wind, as you opened the door, has conveyed it into the fire, which is devouring the last corner of the paper.

LONDON.

Stopping in the street to address a person whom you know rather too well to pass him without speaking, and yet not quite well enough to have a word to say to him—*he* finding himself in the same dilemma; so that, after each has asked and answered the question, "How do you do, Sir?" you stand silently, face to face, *apropos* to nothing, during a minute; and then part in a transport of awkwardness.

As you are hastening down the Strand on a matter of life and death, encountering, at an archway, the head of the first of twelve or fourteen horses, who, you know, must successively strain up with an overloaded coal waggon, before you can hope to stir an inch—unless you prefer bedeviling your white stockings and clean shoes by scampering and crawling among and under coaches, scavengers' carts, &c. in the middle of the street.

A bad Sunday in the city.

Walking, side by side, half over London, with a cart containing a million of iron bars, which you must out-bray, if you can, in order to make your companion hear a word you have farther to say on the subject you were earnestly discussing before you were joined by this infernal article of commerce.

While you are peaceably reading your paper at a coffee-house—two friends, perfect strangers to you, squatting themselves down at your right and left hand, and talking across you, for an hour, over their private concerns.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Extracts from the writings of Madame de Genlis.
No. 2.

WOMEN.

It is generally imagined that women have no occasion for study or meditation, and that sentiment is sufficient for them! This is not abridging them of a faculty; it is acknowledging in them that precious gift of nature, by which they are characterized. They complain of men who would have them to be neither thinkers nor free thinkers, neither philosophers nor politicians, and who keep repeating to them: in order to appear charming, and to command continual adoration, *be women*; and what could they say to them more agreeable and more flattering?—*Recollection of Felicia.*

A woman's favors are of no value, unless they are obtained with difficulty: Love enjoys only what he steals.—*New Moral Tales.*

What power, what empire on earth can be compared to that of a woman who is really beloved, if her lover possesses a dignified character, and elevation of soul! Without any requisition, without any command, her mere wishes, her counsels, have the weight of laws. Happy the woman, who, knowing the advantages she enjoys, can take advantage of the intoxication of love, to form the heart of her lover to virtue! She binds herself to him by a sacred and everlasting chain; she may look forward, without apprehension to the future; should the lover disappear, she will at least perceive in him a faithful and grateful friend.—*Tales of the Castle.*

Nothing increases delicacy so much, as dependence, combined with sentiment and interest, and consequently with the desire of pleasing. For this reason women in general, have much more delicacy than men. Besides, that particular modesty which is prescribed them, must tend to heighten their delicacy still more. How many things are there which they can only say by halves!——*La Bruyere the less.*

When women are perfectly sure, or, at least, when they imagine themselves sure, that any particular thing will procure them pleasure, nothing can deter them from the pursuit of the desired object, not even physical pain of great violence and duration. Previous to the introduction of wigs and Grecian dresses, women would set three or four hours a day, to have their hair put in papers, frizzled, pulled and lugged a thousand ways; they endured, without a murmur, the torment of excessively tight whalebone stays, and gaily danced in these cuirasses with shoes ridiculously narrow, adorned with small heels of a prodigious height, and suffering besides the insupportable inconvenience of wearing enormous hoops, and dragging after them trains two or three yards in length. Thus they may still be seen in the frigid climates, enduring the most intense cold of winter, that they may enjoy the *felicity* of resembling, at least in costume, Grecian statues with their light draperies.—*Ibid*

Beneficence and generosity embellish women. Merval hears a carriage stop before his house. A moment afterwards the door of his cabinet abruptly opens; he beholds Celinta enter in great emotion, out of breath, and triumphant. She held in her hand a stamped paper, it was the recal of an emigrant; she did not walk, she flew; she had the attitude and the agility of an aerial divinity. How her eyes sparkled! how expressive, how touching, was her physiognomy! How graceful were all her motions! How beautiful she appeared at that instant! It is a privilege conferred by nature on all women at the moment in which they perform generous actions—a precious blessing originating in that sensibility and delicacy by which they are characterized. Ah! yes, it is the female form that beneficence particularly embellishes! A lover who has never beheld the object of his affection perform an important service, has no idea of the graces and charms of her person.—*New Moral Tales.*

NICKNAMES.

I think nothing so stupid as most of the nicknames given and adopted in society. Mr. ****, nicknamed *Cupid*, was always very ugly; and his neglect of his person adds to this natural disadvantage, a still more disagreeable defect. One day when he was going to a masquerade, he asked a person what he should do to disguise himself completely. "Put on a clean shirt, my friend," was the reply.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

A TRIBUTE TO FRIENDSHIP.

Miss A—l—a E—g—r.

As snow drops starting into life
At the first dawn o' early Spring,
Their short-liv'd blossoms quit our sight,
Submissive bend to Nature's king—
So this fair maid, of tender form,
Fitless to resist life's pressure,
Fell victim in her early morn,—
Quick snatch'd from us this flower of nature.
No hopeless sorrow wrings the hearts
Of those bereav'd she's left behind;
And the just power who sent this dart,
Can every broken spirit bind.
Sweet innocence, with manners pure,
Guided by reason's ardent sway,
D'd her fond parents' hearts allure,
And in Hope's cordial, balms her clay.

J. S.

From the Anthology.

REMARKER, No. 17.

Curiosus nemo est, quin sit malevolus.

PLAUTUS.

Every inquisitive person is malicious.

AMONG those smaller offences against society, that hold an intermediate rank between folly and vice, I know of no one, more despicable in itself, or more vexatious to others, than that inquisitive turn of mind, which excites the restless curiosity of the frivolous and impertinent, to pry into the affairs of their neighbours. Since no man, as some one observes, is respectable in the eyes of his *valet de chambre*, so no man would wish to have the little arrangements of his domestick economy scrutinized by the eye, and misrepresented by the tongue of the officious and malignant, around the scandalous tea tables of male and female gossips.

A man's house is his castle; and whatever passes within its walls should be considered as sacred as the mysteries of Eleusis. Though a good man will say or do nothing, at any time, for which he may have reason to blush, yet, in the unguarded confidence of social conversation, he may discuss the characters of men, and the tendency of measures, in a manner, that might incur the resentment of the parties concerned, should it reach their ears. Whoever, therefore, betrays conversation of this kind, may create a serious misunderstanding between worthier men than himself; and should he escape the chastisement of the spirited, yet will he be shunned, in future, as a dangerous companion, by the prudent.

But though this treachery to social confidence may be productive of serious consequences, yet as it often proceeds rather from premeditated mischief, so is it commonly less vexatious, than the prying inquisitiveness of wanton curiosity. The one may occasionally lead you into a scrape, but the other obliges you to be perpetually on your guard. The former may cause you uneasiness for a day, but the latter may harrass you during the whole course of your life.

Curio is acquainted with the circumstances of almost every man in town; can tell precisely how many pounds of coffee Mr. *Tradewell* expects from abroad, and the exact amount of Mr. *Hoardwell's* property, in farms, wharves, houses, and bank-stock at home. From this kind of knowledge, he has been enabled to predict with accuracy the moment of a failure; and hence, at one time, acquired a distinguished character for sagacity and penetration. This, with a face of wisdom, which concealed the meanness of his intellectual powers gave him, at one time considerable importance in the eyes of politicians. But, by his tergiversation, he soon lost credit with both parties, as he had deserved the confidence of neither. Admiration gradually degenerated into contempt; and he now lives, neglected and despised, a bankrupt in property and in fame, with the reputation of a meddler in the affairs of others, whilst he neglected his own, of a Jew without riches, and of a politician without principles.

Miss *Prywell* is a maiden lady, unhappily tormented with an insatiable thirst to know every event that takes place in the parlour and kitchen of her neighbours. As the habitable part of her house unluckily does not face the street, she is obliged to have recouse to a small closet with a single window, where she gratifies her favourite passion, by watching the important occurrences of the day. There she sits, in all the delightful agony of expectation, to observe who goes in or out of the houses within her view; and sometimes, by the aid of a pocket telescope, is fortunate enough to indentify an individual, amidst the company of a neighbour's parlour. Should any domestick duty call her off from this laudable occupation, *Betty* is immediately summoned to relieve guard, with strict injunctions to have all her eyes about her, and to suffer no individual, male or female, to pass unobserved. Should a coach stop within *eye shot* of Miss *Prywell*, the willing Betty, who has caught the inquisitive infection from her mistress, is instantly dispatched for intelligence—"Here, *Betty*, *Betty*, run over to Mr. B.'s, and see who is in that coach. And, Betty, ask the girls in the kitchen, what gentleman, in a blue surtout, dined there yesterday. And, Betty, be sure and observe, what they have for dinner to-day." Away runs Betty, and, after due time, returns almost breathless, with the important intelligence which she pours circumstantially into the 'greedy ear' of her delighted mistress.

Miss *Prywell* is as well, and sometimes better, acquainted with the circumstances of her neighbours, than they are themselves. She knows the exact cost of the furniture in each parlour, and can enumerate, with precision, every article in the kitchen. Even the contents of your servant's market basket cannot escape the vigilance of this argus-eyeed lady, and she can generally ascertain the arrangement for the dinner of the day, as accurately as those who provide it.

Miss *Prywell* delights in reporting the important facts, of which, at the expence of so much time and trouble, she has made herself mistress. But as the motto of my paper observes that, 'every inquisitive person is malicious,' she always adorns her narrative with some poetical embellishment, not strictly conformable with the truth of authentic history. Miss *Prywell* is very lively and very silly, and affords a striking proof, how much knowledge may be acquired, even by persons of the meanest capacity, if they will but apply the whole force of their faculties to its acquisition.

There are others, who sometimes mix with the first circles, who run to one house to collect intelligence, and to another to report it; who, with despicable talents, sometimes create considerable mischief, since their very silliness screens them from suspicion. Some one compares

these communicative people to leaden pipes, which serve to convey fresh streams of intelligence from house to house. This basest of metal answers for this servile office, whilst we reserve gold and silver for more valuable employments.

In a word, there cannot be a more despicable turn of mind, than this frivolous curiosity about trifles, and restless anxiety to know what does not concern you, and which, after all, cannot be worth knowing. Relinquish this occupation then, to those whom it best becomes; tattling gossips, envious old bachelors, and disappointed old maids.

Curious observations on Light, during the late total Eclipse of the Sun. From a letter of the Rev. Eliphalet Nott, D. D. to the Rev. Samuel Miller, D. D. dated Schenactady, October 6 1806, and communicated by the learned writer to Dr. Mitchill.

"At the instant the last direct ray was intercepted, and the obscuration became total, a tremulous undulating shadow, a kind of indescribable alternate prevalence and intermixture of light and shade, struck the earth, and played on its surface, which gave to the most sable objects the semblance of agitation.

"It appeared as though the moon rode unsteadily in her orbit, and the earth seemed to tremble on its axis. The deception was so complete, that I felt instinctively, and, in spite of my reason to the contrary, a tottering motion. Some who were present I observed catching hold of whatever was near them for support, while others leaning forward, and insensibly flung themselves into an attitude which indicated, that they found it difficult to stand.

"At the commencement of this singular phenomenon, and while the surface of the earth appeared to be violently agitated, the light and shade were irregularly intermixed, and each seemed struggling for victory. In about five seconds the darkness prevailed. The light and shade suddenly separated into alternate and distinct arches. Instantly the arches of shade began to force the arches of light from us towards the horizon. The motion at first was very rapid; the alternate arches were narrow, and followed each other in close succession; the motion gradually diminished; the streaks of light became less and less distinct for about fifteen seconds, when melting into each other, the appearance ceased, and a settled gloom ensued.

"The scenes described at the commencement of the total obscurity re-appeared when the first direct rays of the sun were re-appearing. The same apparent agitation of the surface of the earth; the same apparent struggle between the light and darkness; the same separation between light and shade into distinct and alternate arches, and the same motion reversed; for now the arches of light seemed to crowd those of shade inward, and the whole movement was from the horizon towards the centre, which continued about the same time, and disappeared in the same manner as above described.

"A lake at first violently agitated by something flung into its centre, and sending its undulating waves to its circumference, furnished a pretty correct idea of the appearance the surface of the earth assumed when the total eclipse commenced; and, if after the first agitation of the lake had subsided, its undulating waves were to roll from the circumference to the centre, and especially could they alternately be tinged with light and shade, it would furnish not an incorrect idea of the appearance of the earth when the total obscurity ended.

"How is this phenomenon to be accounted for? When the direct rays ceased, why should the shadow on the earth appear agitated? Has this circumstance been noticed elsewhere, or in records of other total eclipses? If that part of the moon's orb which intercepted the last direct rays of the sun, were an ocean, and tempested with a storm at the time, would not the effect have been similar to that described?"

STRIKING INSTANCE OF FAITH IN A CONVERTED TURK.

"I will never leave them nor forsake them."

A TURKISH secretary being discovered, among many others, in a most dangerous and treasonable plot against the grand master, and the knights of Malta, was sentenced to die. He, with many others, had been converted to the Christian religion, and, previous to his death, gave a strong assurance of it. Having been particularly acquainted with the Chevalier de Turgot, who acted as godfather at his conversion, he entreated him, through the intervention of the French minister, to recommend the children he had left at Constantinople, to the protection of the king of France. But the instant before his execution he reflected, that such an act would be a want of confidence in the divine goodness of the Saviour of the world; he therefore requested, that the French minister might not write in favour of his family; adding, "the same God, who has so lately saved me from perdition, is sufficiently powerful to protect those whom I leave behind in the world below!"

For the Lady's Miscellany.

GAMING.

GAMES of hazard, however innocent they may appear, are always dear and dangerous.

Gaming is the most dangerous of all the passions; it is frequently the offspring of indolence. Strengthened by avarice, cherished by foolish hopes: opening the heart to the immoderate and base desires of cupidity, respecting neither the ties of friendship, nor those of blood, it infallibly

leads to ruin and remorse, the just punishment of its guilty deviations.

If gaming is the most fatal of passions, it is likewise the most inexcusable. The gamester is intent only on enriching himself, and that at the expence of those with whom he associates, of those whom he calls his friends. How many enemies does he raise up against him! The distressed mother, whose only son he has ruined, will probably proclaim him a scoundrel; and no father will ever mention his name to his children but with contempt. He will be persued by hatred, overwhelmed with calumny, and condemned by reason and humanity. Amid this general outcry, who will defend him? His friends? Can a gamester have friends —he who every day attempts to ruin those to whom he presumes to give that sacred name?

As you are ignorant of the state of the affairs of persons with whom you are slightly acquainted, it is impossible to tell, when you play high with them, whether they can pay their losses without bringing ruin upon themselves. Hence it is that gamesters always combine inhumanity with extravagance; for to play high with a person who cannot pay, is madness; but with a man who has no possibility of paying without involving himself and his family in ruin, it is barbarity. A gamester seldom reflects but in misfortune; he has then some gleams of reason, he reproaches himself for his passion; he foresees his ruin and the misery of his family. This picture touches his heart, and inspires him with just remorse; but did not avarice shut his heart to all the sentiments of nature, what a multitude of cutting reflections would crowd upon him when he wins. What is the situation, he would say to himself, of the person who pays me this money? To raise it for me he has perhaps sacrificed nature to honor, sold all that he possessed, and ruined his children, to pay a debt which it is considered dishonorable not to discharge. Perhaps this sum, which I destine for my pleasure, is his all! Perhaps this unfortunate man, tortured by despair, is, at this moment, driven to the commission of some dreadful deed!

It would be well for those who have recently been engaged in the scenes of gaming in the various Lotteries, to pause, —to reflect. Has the industrious tradesman been tempted to risk the moiety of his earnings for years, let him not proceed—It is a system attended with the utmost danger to his morals, and to the welfare of a growing family.—It is not too late to retrieve his affairs;—to proceed would be madness. Rest assured, ye unthinking, whoever you may be, that shame and ruin ever attend the practice of gaming.

To those addicted to this vice, we recommend an attendance at the theatre, when that great master of his art, Mr. Cooper, is personating the poor, deluded *Beverly*. If the example set before them fails of its due effect, we assure them that the fault will be with themselves. To behold a young and creditable man, driven from affluence, and lost to the endearments of a virtuous and lovely wife, through the fascinations of this destructive passion; to witness his progress from step to step, till at length he finishes his course, by suicide, is a picture truly distressing; and although a fiction in itself, is a just and perfect delineation of a gamester's career, in what is termed high life. Is the happiness of the poor man less estimable than that of the more wealthy? Is his joy less exquisite, when at evening, after the toils of the day, he returns to his cheerful fire-side, amidst the caresses of his faithful partner, and his children? surely not.—But in a moment he may damp forever, all his comforts. If, instead of bringing to his family the little, but necessary pittance of his labour, he adventures it in the nefarious practice of *insurance* in the Lotteries, he may bid adieu to peace of mind. Disappointment and chagrin, will usurp the place of love and harmony; and poverty and wretchedness ultimately assail him. F.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

ON PREMATURE GENIUS.

Early excellence is too often the precursor of future imbecility: There have existed but few philosophers, poets or historians, who have ever attained to eminence at an early period of life: The lapse of time has ever been found necessary to mature and invigorate the shoots of infantile genius, and the acquisitions of knowledge to ripen and bring them to perfection; the latter, indeed, is the ground work on which every production of the mind, whether of the imagination or fancy, must ultimately rest its hopes of success. He, therefore, who aspires at early eminence, without suitable claims to science and erudition, may be sure to meet with failure and disappointment.—And, though his writings should at first dazzle and confound, yet will they soon sink into a state of total darkness and obscurity.

He who seeks for literay fame, must not expect to find it without infinite labour and difficulty. He should be incessant in his application to study; he should be careful how he squanders away his time in idle amusements, and unprofitable recreations He should guard against wasting his hours in the perusal of works which neither tend to polish his mind, improve his morals, or enlighten his understanding; and should be solicitous early in life, to lay up a store of useful knowledge, which he might be able to call forth at any future period of his existence. An early display of brilliant talents is almost sure to prove fatal to their possessor. A being thus endowed has a thousand difficulties to struggle with which an inferior genius knows nothing of. Friendship, esteem, hatred, envy, and malevolence, all conspire to

accelerate his ruin. The breath of partiality at one moment inflates the youthful hero with an exalted idea of his own intellect; leads him to form prospects which are never accomplished, and hopes of patronage which are never realized. At another, the shafts of envy and malevolence inflict in his bosom the deepest wounds, which neither reason nor reflection are able to soften, nor the lenient hand of time to efface. We need but advert to the mournful fate of the unfortunate CHATTERTON, as a proof of our assertion. The powers of his mind, the strength of his fancy, and the vigour of his genius, have seldom been equalled, and never surpassed; yet was this child of worth, during the short winter of his existence, oppressed with every species of accumulated misery. Unhappy boy! not even thy superior talents and thy exalted endowments, were sufficient to screen thee from the arrows of malevolence, the stings of misfortune, or the griping hand of poverty. They, Oh Chatterton, who were acquainted with thy genius, and denyed thee patronage, can have no terms applied to them sufficiently harsh; but they who were witnesses of thy distress, who saw thee wander through the streets of London, destitute even of the common necessaries of life, yet refused to administer to thy wants, or succour thy necessities, deserve the everlasting hate and detestation of posterity. How strongly vibrates the feeling heart with pity, when it beholds the insensibility of thy countrymen driving thee to despair; impelling thee, in a paroxism of rage, to put an end to thy own existence, and hastening thy appearance before thy offended maker, with all thy imperfections on thee.

Such, alas! was the mournful exit of this youth; and such were the difficulties he had to encounter, during his short but ill fated life! Indeed the harsh and unfeeling treatment which he met with is that which every child of premature genius may expect to receive from an envious, illiberal, and ungrateful world.

DORMER.

SATURDAY, FEB. 28.

The Philadelphia prints inform us that on the 23d ult a negro man and his wife, in crossing the Susquehannah on the ice, were unfortunately, by its separating, carried down the river on separate pieces. That when opposite Havre de Grace, they called for assistance to persons within hearing, who brutally scoffed at their danger—that the Post Master at Havre de Grace, in a small boat, rescued the man; but was unable to render any assistance to the woman—that Commodore ROGERS, with a spirit worthy a seaman, and highly honorable to humanity, taking a piece of plank, passed from cake to cake, until he reached her, and brought her to land, when she was nearly perished with cold, being himself benumbed in this noble attempt to rescue her.

The society for the relief of poor widows with small children, return thanks for the following donations.—From Mr. James R. Smith 10 dollars, Mr. John M'Vickar 20, Mr. John Mills 10, a lady 3, Mrs. Barton 5, Messrs. Ferguson and Day 10, a gentleman, by Mrs. Pendleton 50, jury fees by Mr. Munn 5 dollars, 37 cents.

By order of the Board, L. Bird, Sec'ry.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The gentleman who has occasionaly favoured us with communications to which no signature has been affixed, is respectfully solicited to continue his favours. His condescension will claim our grateful acknowledgements.

Lines, by a Lady, addressed to an English nobleman, are written with elegance, but from their political aspect, are unsuitable for our miscellany. On any other subject, we shall be happy to hear from her.

DORMER's future communications are solicited. We thank him for those we have heretofore received and published under various signatures.

The facetious DONALD, will, we hope, bear us in mind—and sometimes enrich our columns with his sprightly observations.

.....

*** Persons at a distance, and others, who wish to subscribe for the Lady's Miscellany, are informed that the preceding numbers of the 5th volume may be obtained, by order, or by applying at the office.

.....

MARRIED,

On Saturday last, by the rev. Mr. Hobart, Mr. Israel Bedell, jun. of Staten Island, to Miss Lanah Crocheron, of the same place.

On Monday evening, the 23d of Feb. by the rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. John Seger, to Miss Eunice Alston, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the rev. John C. Kunze, Mr. Daniel Oakley, to Miss Catharine F. Kunze, both of this city.

On Monday last, at Flatbush, by the rev. Mr. Shoemaker, Mr. Samuel V. P. Child, to Miss Frances W. Jones, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening, by the rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. James Hanna, Druggist, of Baltimore, to Miss Sarah Deas, daughter of captain James Deas, of N. Jersey.

DIED,

On Thursday morning, Mrs. Constant, wife of Joseph Constant, esq. of this city.

On Sunday evening, of an apoplectic fit, Mr. Jacob Carpenter, Shipwright, in the 54th year of his age.

On Tuesday, Mr. John Connell, of this city, mason.

On Saturday last, Mr. Joseph Rose, of this city, merchant, aged 72 years.

On Sunday morning, Mrs. Phoebe Hewitt, wife of Mr. John Hewitt.

On Saturday evening last, Mrs. M'Laren, wife of Mr. Daniel M'Laren.

On Tuesday, the 24th ult. at New Town, L. I. after a lingering illness, Mr. Garrit Hulsts, in the 22d year of his age.—His manners were mild and unassuming, his deportment correct, and his character unsullied—a numerous acquaintance will long deplore his loss.

TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE BY

N. SMITH,

CHYMICAL PERFUMER,

From London,

At the New-York Hair Powder and perfume Manufactory, the ROSE, No 114, opposite the City Hotel, Broadway. Also,

SMITH'S

Purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 and 8s. each.

Gentlemen's morocco pouches for travelling, that adds all the shaving apparatus complete, in a small compass.

Odours of roses, for smelling bottles. Violets and palm soap, 2s per square. His chymical blacking cakes, 1s 6d. Almond powder, for the skin, 8s per lb.

His circassia, or antique oil, for curling, glossing, and thickening the hair, and preventing it from turning grey, 4s per bottle

Highly improved, sweet-scented, hard and soft pomatums 1s. per pot or roll. Roled do 2s.

His improved chymical milk of roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and excellent for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions. 6s 9s and 12s per bottle, or three dollars per quart.

His Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and to keep it from coming out or turning grey, 4s and 8s per pot, with printed directions.

His superfine white hair powder 1s per lb.
violet double scented do. 1s. 6d do.
beautiful rose powder 2s 6d do.

Highly improved hard and soft pomatums 1s. per pot or role, double 2s.

His white almond wash ball 2. & 3s. each. common dittto 1s. Camphor 2s. 3s. do. Ditto vegetable ditto. Gentlemen's shaving boxes filled with best soap at 2s. each.

Balsamic lip salve of roses for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips, cures roughness and chops leaves the skin smooth, 2s & 4s. per box.

Savonnette royal paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. & 8s. per pot.

His chymical Dentifrice tooth-powder, for the teeth and gums, 2s. & 4s per box.

SMITH'S assortment in the above line is very extensive, and each article will be sold on reasonable terms. *** Suitable allowance to those who buy to sell again. *Nov. 1*

From the Port Folio.

THE RELAPSE.

And is it so? ye powers above!
Say, must I yield again?
Again, must yield to mighty Love,
And wear his servile chain?

Again, the "god of soft desires"
Inflicts the pleasing smart!
Again, he lights his wonted fires
In my distracted heart!

Tyrannick Love! why should'st thou still,
Afflict my anxious breast?
Ye passions wild,—obey my will!
Thou fluttering spirit——rest.

I will not yield. Avaunt ye fears!
By heaven, I will be wise!
But——Cara, heavenly fair, appears!
And——resolution dies.

The mounds of prudence swept away,
Forward the torrents roll;
And Cara, with triumphant sway,
Reigns o'er my conquered soul!

In vain, I fly to distant hills,
To banish grief and care;
Or listen to the noisy rills,
For Cara still is there!

I hear the streams that ever flow:
They murmur Cara's name!
I hear the gentle zephyrs blow;
They sweetly breath the same.

Where'er I rove, the lovely maid,
In airy vision flies!
Deep in the dark sequestered shade
She dances in my eyes!

When night in sable darkness, hides
The wide extended glade,
The sylph like phantom swiftly glides
In every deep'ning shade!

Were I the lord of earth and sea,
Were all creation mine,
O, Cara! for one smile from thee,
I would the whole resign!

Let Cara smile——I'll bless my fate,
Though glory it denies,
Nor envy kings their regal state,
Nor gods their azure skies!

ANNIUS.

We thank the lady who transcribed the following Sonnet for our miscellany.

SONNET.

When every charm of life is fled,
And every thought is fill'd with care;
When peace, and hope, and health are dead,
And nothing lives but dire despair;

When sleep the wretch's last relief,
Tho' potent drugs invite his power;
Denies one little pause to grief,
The balmy respite of an hour.

Ah! what can PITY's self devise,
From farther ills this wretch to save,
But wish his death, with tender sighs,
And drop a tear upon his grave!

VARIETY.

Miss Melkon, walking in a garden at Plymouth, with a party of ladies and gentlemen, the proprietor informed the ladies that they might eat plentifully of fruit, for there was none forbidden in that garden.——'Excepting *Melon*," replied the sprightly actress.—"This is *forced*," retorted a lady in company.

—

Dr. Franklin, it is well known, constantly wore spectacles. As he was one day walking in Ludgate street, a porter passing him was nearly pushed off the pavement, by an unintentional motion of the Doctor's. The fellow, much irritated, exclaimed, "D—n your spectacles!" The Dr. smiling, made answer, "I am more beholden to my spectacles than ever; it is not the first time they have saved my eyes."

—

General Zaremba had a very long Polish name. The king of Prussia had heard of it, and one day said to him, "Pray, Zaremba, what is your name?" The general told him the whole of it. "Heavens! said the king, the devil himself has not such a name!" "Why should he, replied Zaremba, he is no relation of my family."

When the celebrated Dr. Zimmerman was at the court of Berlin, Frederic II. asked him, one day in conversation, if he could ascertain how many he had killed in the course of his practice. "That is an arduous task," replied the Doctor, 'but I think I may venture to say, not by one half so many as your Majesty.'

—

Dr. Johnson being one night at Drury Lane Theatre, to see Mr. Garrick play Macbeth; in one of the most interesting scenes of the play, he and the whole company in the box, were interrupted by the *impertinence* of a young man of fashion, who insisted on having a *place*, though none was kept for him: the disturbance continued till the end of the act, when the doctor, turning about with great contempt, cried, 'Pshaw! sir, how can you be so mistaken? *your place* is in the *shilling* gallery.'

—

A person who was considerably involved in debt, was asked how he could sleep at night—'You should rather wonder,' said he, 'how my creditors can sleep.'

—

Short dialogue between an auctioneer and a pawn broker.

Auctioneer. How is your wife?

Pawnbroker. Ah! my poor *duplicate* is almost out of date.

Auctioneer. I thought so.

Pawnbroker. How is *your* wife?

Auctioneer. Very poorly—*just a going.*

—

Description of an Usurer, by a country school master.

An usurer is one who relieves you in the *present* tense, and makes you pay for it in the *future*. He always deals in the *conditional* mood, speaks in the *imperative*, and leaves you in the end in the *ablative*.

—

Zeno thus addressed a garrulous youth: Nature gave us *two ears* and *one mouth*; that we might *hear much* and *talk little*.

A *knavish* attorney asking a very worthy gentleman what was honesty, 'What is that to you,' said he, 'meddle with things that concern you.'

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